

Day Eleven – Friday, May 22, 2015

Another long day (but another great day) for we left Arles at 10:00 and did not get back from the evening concert to our hotel in Vaison de Romaine until well after midnight. We are now into wine country with vineyards, everywhere. We passed through Chateau Neuf du Pape but there was no time for a prolonged stay for we were due at our hotel, Le Logis de Chateau, perched above the small town of Vaison de Romaine. At the hotel we had an excellent lunch. Everyone piled into the hors d'oeuvres and then realized that there were two courses to follow. The French do not appear to be great vegetable eaters but here there were tureens with nothing but vegetables in addition to bowls full of meat and fish. Finally, a very good, rich dessert to round out the meal. Round out is an appropriate descriptor as we waddled back to the bus for the trip to the small, old town of Saint-Quentin-la-Poterie.

A repeating episode of just about every day has been a bus ride. Close to 47 feet long, the bus, the biggest that Setra make (Besseling is the name of the Dutch bus company). Streets and, for that matter, parking spaces in cities are not designed for that size of coach.



Ron, driver extraordinaire, showed incredible skill manoeuvring this monster with its pivoting twin rear wheels and very good lock. He avoided all the stone walls, trees and gateposts remaining damage free. He was not to blame when we were crunched in the back side in Saint-Quentin-la-Poterie slowly going along a narrow straight section of road having successfully navigated around most of the town looking for a negotiable n access (minor damage and no injuries).



Happily we were able to walk to the church and the tiff did give the shoppers, going through temporary withdrawal, some more window shopping time prior to rehearsal.

Concerts are a joy in small towns for they are an event. We sing to full houses of enthusiastic listeners and this was no exception. They do not know what they are coming to hear. The music programme is so varied and the quality so high that we inevitably take them by surprise

Experiences with the bus were not yet over. It was past midnight and nearly home when we discovered a car parked so badly that not even Ron could get round the last tight corner. But the men demonstrated their moving technique and bounced the front of the car hard up against a wall so the bus could squeeze through.